

## DAILY COMMENT ON PEOPLE AND THINGS

A bartender writes that eating apples will destroy the whisky habit.

Now, by golly, when a fellow says he had a "pipplin," we don't know whether he means an apple or a souse.

Mrs. Richard B. McLean, mother of America's richest little boy, doesn't find time for Tangoing.

And the reason is because she needs her time for work in the interest of the welfare of the poor.

How strange that sounds, in these times. But a bright spot pops up every now and then, to show things better than they might have been.

Trib must have moved Georgiana Faulker, the children's story lady, to the first page today.

One clever little bit of fiction about how easy it is to get jobs when one is a professor of physiology of the Crane Technical High looking perfectly natural disguised as a tramp.

And just by the way—all a professor of physiology needs to do to look like a tramp according to Prof. Hedge's assertion is to "let his beard grow three days."

Good tip for amateur Sherlocks.

Not only are we to believe that jobs are to be had for the plucking, but kind benevolent employers refused to take the disguised professor at his own valuation and insisted on raising the ante.

And some employers, distracted to get men to take begging \$12 a week jobs, sobbed—almost—on the disguised professor's shoulder.

Did the alarm clock go off yet? Pshaw, it can't be time to get up.

Oh, we've got the answer to the riddle. The professor went after jobs advertised in the Tribune. Oh, hum!

Judge Scully of the Municipal Court has got the right dope on the difference between the handling of a poor man and a rich man in the courtroom.

—He says if a man deserves punish-

ment, be he rich or poor, let him serve time. Here's his argument:

Two rich men and a poor man are fined for the same offense. The rich men pay their fines and go free. The poor man hasn't the dough, so he must serve time to work it out.

"He's serving time for being poor," says Scully, "and it isn't right."

More power to that line of argument.

So the Boston Store girls some days are forced to eat their lunch as early as eight o'clock and then perhaps the next day somewhere around eleven o'clock.

That ought to be fine regularity for their system—NOT.

And say, we must give the Boston Store credit for this—they actually allow their employees time to go to the lavatories.

## LETTER TO EDITOR

### APPLES DESTROY WHISKY HABIT, SAYS BARTENDER

Editor Day Book:

Will you permit a bartender of 25 years' experience in his business to give your readers what he believes to be an antidote for the liquor habit?

It's simple. Eat apples. The man who eats three apples a day will soon lose his desire for drink. If boys were taught to eat them each day, they would be in little danger.

I know, for I have tried it on many of my "star" customers. It lost trade for me, but there are some decent men in the business. In my experience I never sold a drunken man or a minor a drink—and never took one myself. And I have sold drinks all the way from frontier towns to the big cities.

Of course, it will not always work. But, as a rule, the apple habit and the whisky habit clash. To dodge whisky try apples—then more apples.

Bartender.